IronWatch

SEP.-OCT. 2017 | ISSUE 61

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome back to another great issue of IRONWATCH ! The two-month schedule change seems to have gone off with only a minor hiccup or two on my part, and we've got not one, not two, but three fantastic tutorials for you to enjoy this time around.

A bit of a tangent for a moment: Ironwatch has unfortunately missed a few of our hoped-for goals for release dates for Ironwatch: Tales of the Stars, and Mawbeast Madness. This is primarily because shortly after making our timeline in early August, I found out I would be moving to an entirely new state cross-country. The ensuing chaos has unfortunately been a marked impediment, but luckily the boxes are mostly unpacked and life and IRONWATCH should resume on a more timely basis.

I'm also excited to see the news about Kings of War Vanguard; while I would by lying if I said I didn't hope it was similar to Star-Struck City, I am glad Mantic is approaching their Fantasy line with skirmish-scale games in mind, and I can't wait to see what they come up with. Star Saga is in the pipeline for a release, and it seems like The Walking Dead: All-Out War is continuing to gain momentum, including multiple events Mantic is organizing for the game system! All in all, it's a great time in the hobby, and I can't wait to see where Mantic goes with it next.

That said, IRONWATCH can always use more content, so please feel free to drop us a line through our email or Facebook page. Whether you're a new reader or a long-time veteran, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

--Austin Peasley

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
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If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!

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Deadzone battle by Nicodemus Sandberg

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course).

Repeating Events

Mantic Monday

Tickets are £2.00 each

Every Monday, join the Mantic crew at Mantic headquarters for pickup and campaign games, playing and previewing upcoming content, and with a hobby area to assemble and paint your figures!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

Mantic HQ Tour

Tickets are £5.00 each

See how the spin-case models are made, tour the resin pouring room, see the famous Mantic warehouse, visit with Mantic employees, and see the studio display cabinets of amazing models!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

October

10/7 Derby Worlds 2017

From 10 AM on 10/7 to 8 PM on 10/8

Featuring demonstration games, participation games, painting displays and tournaments, Derby Worlds has even more to do than ever before

Bruntingthorpe Proving Ground, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, LE17 5QS, UK

Dwarven Brock Riders by Boris Samec

Dreadball Veer-Myn by Steicy Jourdan

10/14 **The Walking Dead: All-Out War Tournament**

Tickets are £20.00 each

The apocalypse has come to Nottingham! Survivor Groups will descend upon Mantic HQ and test their mettle against each-other!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF

10/15 **The Walking Dead: Survival Day**

Tickets are £20.00 each

Come to Nottingham for a multiple-act continuous campaign of The Walking Dead: All Out War played throughout the day on one huge board!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF

10/22 **SELWG Show**

From 10 AM to 8 PM

This fantastic show has games, modelling, an a wide variety of hobby interests , and more to enjoy at this long-running event.

Ledrington Rd, London SE19 2BB, UK

10/26 **Internationale Spieltage SPIEL'17**

From 10 AM on 10/26 to 6 PM on 10/29

Tickets are 13 EU for a day pass, or 31 EU for the entire weekend

SPIEL in Essen means: Four days of fun, meeting friends, playing and testing thousands of games and novelties together with gamers from all over the world. Make up your own mind about the quality of the international gaming market and feel free to buy your favourite ones!

Norbertstrasse 2, 45131 Essen, Germany

10/28 **Clash of Kings 2017**

From 9:30 AM on 10/28 to 5:30 PM on 10/29

Tickets are £45 each

Clash of Kings is the annual Kings of War tournament where you get the chance to play a series of enjoyable and challenging games, with the aim of proving your worth against your fellow combatants, and of course share in the joy of the Mantic hobby whilst making new friends.

Firestorm Games, South Wales, Gaming Centre, 15 Trade St, Cardiff CF10 5DT

Deadzone Plague Teraton by Jamie O'Toole

Ogre Boomers by "Azazel"

November

11/4 **Crisis 2017**

From 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM

A wargaming event hosted by the Tin Soldiers of Antwerp, come see the dozens upon dozens of traders, clubs, and game events!

HANGAR 29 Waagnatie, Rijnkaai 150, 2000 Antwerpen, Belgium

11/11 **Deadzone: Overkiller**

Tickets are £20.00 each

In November we return to the ravaged planet of MNTCHQ-17. What is left on this disappeared globe? Bring your best Strike Team and find out...

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF

11/12 **Deadzone: Double-Kill**

Tickets are £35.00 each

MNTCHQ-17 a lies in absolute ruin. The planet is now scheduled for eradication: to make the most of their remaining time, Strike Teams are pairing up with allies both likely and unlikely. This ticket entitles a team of TWO people entry to the Tournament, for four exciting 'doubles' games of Deadzone played throughout the day on 4'x2' mats

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF

11/17 **PAX: Unplugged**

Tickets start at $25.00 for a day pass

PAX Unplugged will be an exciting analog-focused extension of the already existing portfolio of PAX events. This event is specifically tailored to gamers of all ages. All of the content throughout the show is meant to be enjoyed by the entire family all weekend.

Pennsylvania Convention Center, 1101 Arch St, Philadelphia, PA 19107, USA

11/25 **Mantic Open Day**

Tickets are £10.00 each

When we last threw open our doors in May we were celebrating both Warpath and also Miles Behind Us for The Walking Dead: All Out War. This time our theme is STAR SAGA, with support from our sci-fi TerrainCrate and some Kings of War treats guaranteed to put a real fire in you.

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF

Looking for an event, but don't see it listed? We rely on the Mantic Calendar for events, so please either coordinate your event there or let us know directly if you have an event you'd like to have featured on the monthly Calendar!

Deadzone Rebs by Nicodemus Sandberg

Forgefathers by Christian Schlumpberger

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

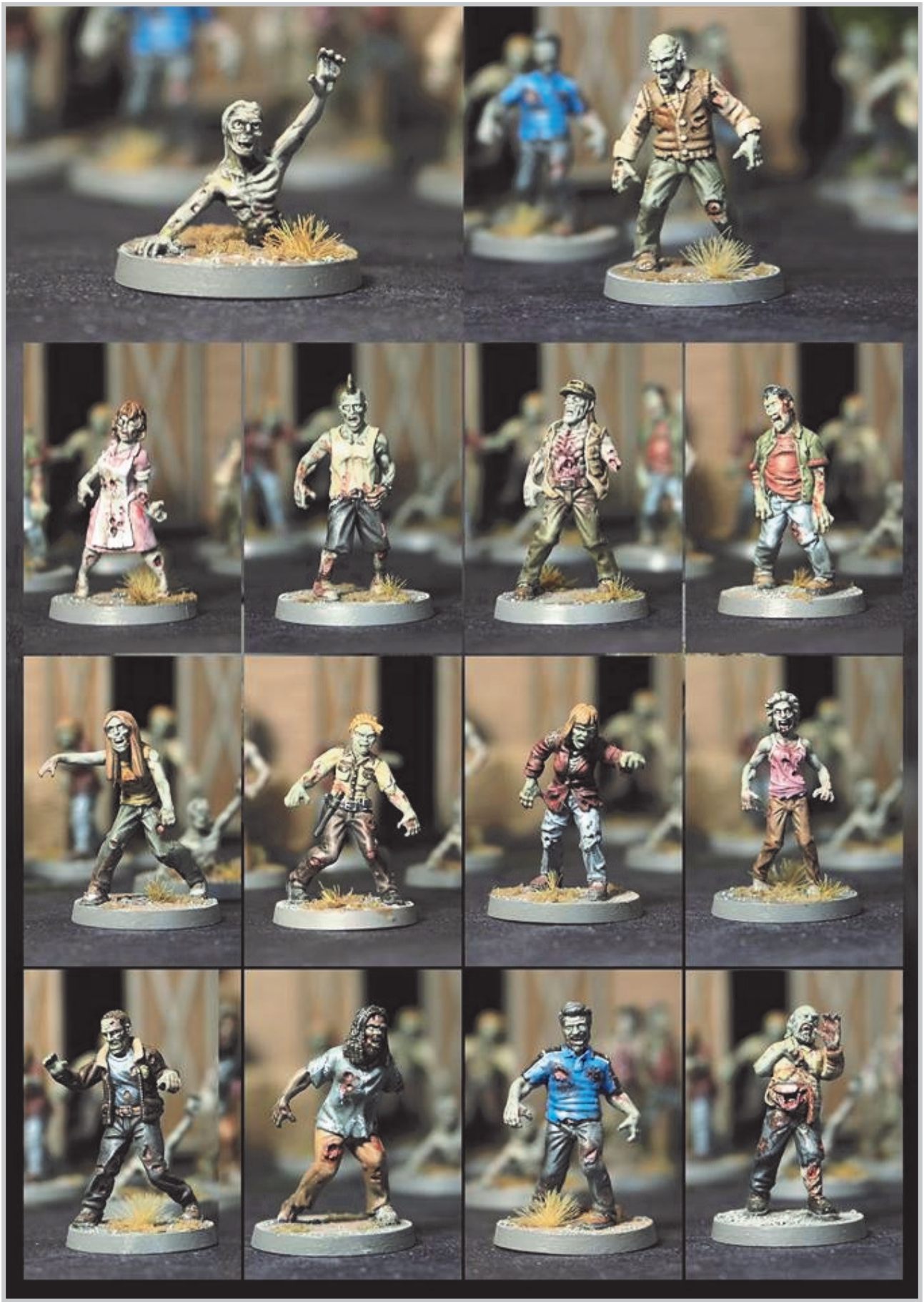
On display this month for you we have Marcel Popik, with both a Forgefather and their faithful hound, as well as a set of zombies from The Walking Dead: All-Out War!

Stay tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to **ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com**.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

Goblin Zappy Sneek by Matt Gilbert

MARCEL POPIK



MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

QUARANTINE

We're proud to announce the second Ironwatch Game: Quarantine!

Set on the fringes of civilized space, Deadzone and Warpath are games of futuristic battles fought among the ruins of human colonies against a variety of alien threats. Quarantine represents the actions of the spaceships orbiting above the shrouded worlds.

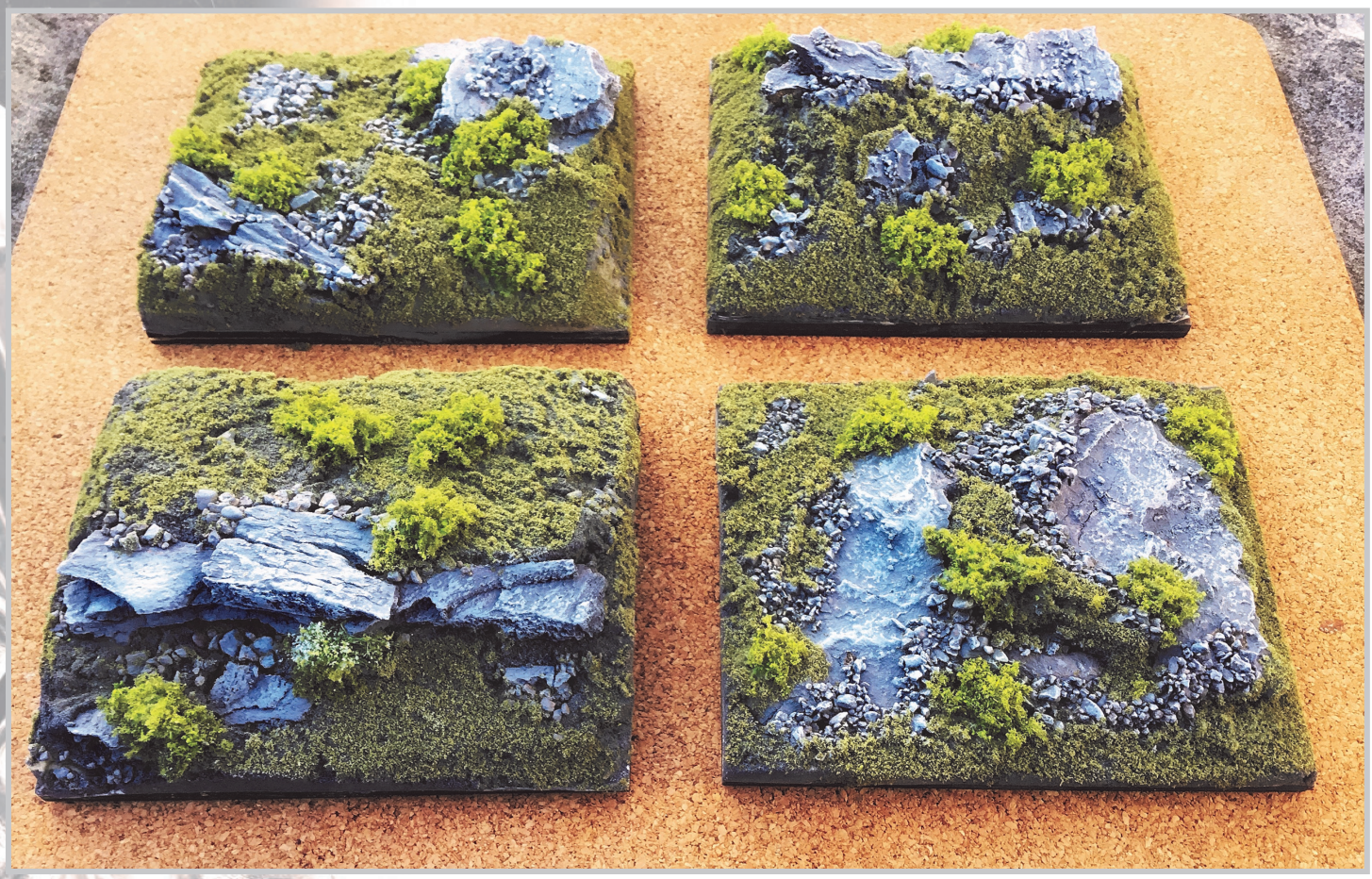
Quarantine is played with model ships on a battlefield that is represented by a gaming mat. As a player you will take command of a squadron of vessels manned by the elite of human and alien spacefarers. Each turn you decide which of your models to move and what they will do, advancing through space and shooting at your enemies.

This is game is based off of Deadzone, and focuses on the Containment Protocol operations in space. It is designed as a set of simple to play space combat rules based around the Mantic system and should therefore be easy for Deadzone players to learn and add seamlessly into their games. The original concept was to add an insertion scenario at the start of a Warpath or Deadzone campaign and end it with a daring escape from the planet, whether the team plays heroic Rebs, steely-eyed Marauders, profit hungry Forge Fathers or even the malevolent Plague leaders intent on spreading the Contagion beyond the worlds they had already infected. Naturally the Enforcers will try to protect the rest of mankind from the risk of the Plague, even if they have to kill a significant number of people to do so.

What we're posting now is the basic rules; Behind the scenes, we're working on a "deluxe"/full version complete with stories from Ironwatch issues, pictures, and art from artist Boris Samec. The deluxe version will also be available for free, and we'll be putting up the deluxe version for printing off of Lulu at-cost if you would like a hard copy as well.

Can you man the helm and survive the enemies you'll face in the unfeeling void?

Come get the Basic Rules for Quarantine here!



CUSTOM MULTIBASES

By Andrew Beckett

Whilst taking a break from painting Orcs, I decided to try my hand at multi-basing. It can be disheartening having to paint 20 figures in rank and file when 11 more naturally posed in a scenic diorama would do. It also means that I can produce larger armies from the same amount of figures purchased.

By skip-dipping I acquired a few off-cuts of insulation board. With a hand full of grit from the side of a lake I sieved it into three

The tools used for this project

The large pieces of dried bark

Some of the smaller and fine scatter pieces of dried bark

The sieved grit

Clumped flock, ready to use

The cut and sculpted base, with the first pieces of large bark

grades. I collected fallen tree bark last autumn before it started to decay, once dried out it makes for convincing stone and is more pliable. The tester pots of emulation cost a quid a piece and the flock and scatter not much more.

I use 3mm laser cut MDF trays as templates. They provide an exact working size and they also finish the bases off nicely. Starting by supergluing the MDF base to the installation foam then cutting round with a knife blade, it's time to go to work sculpting.

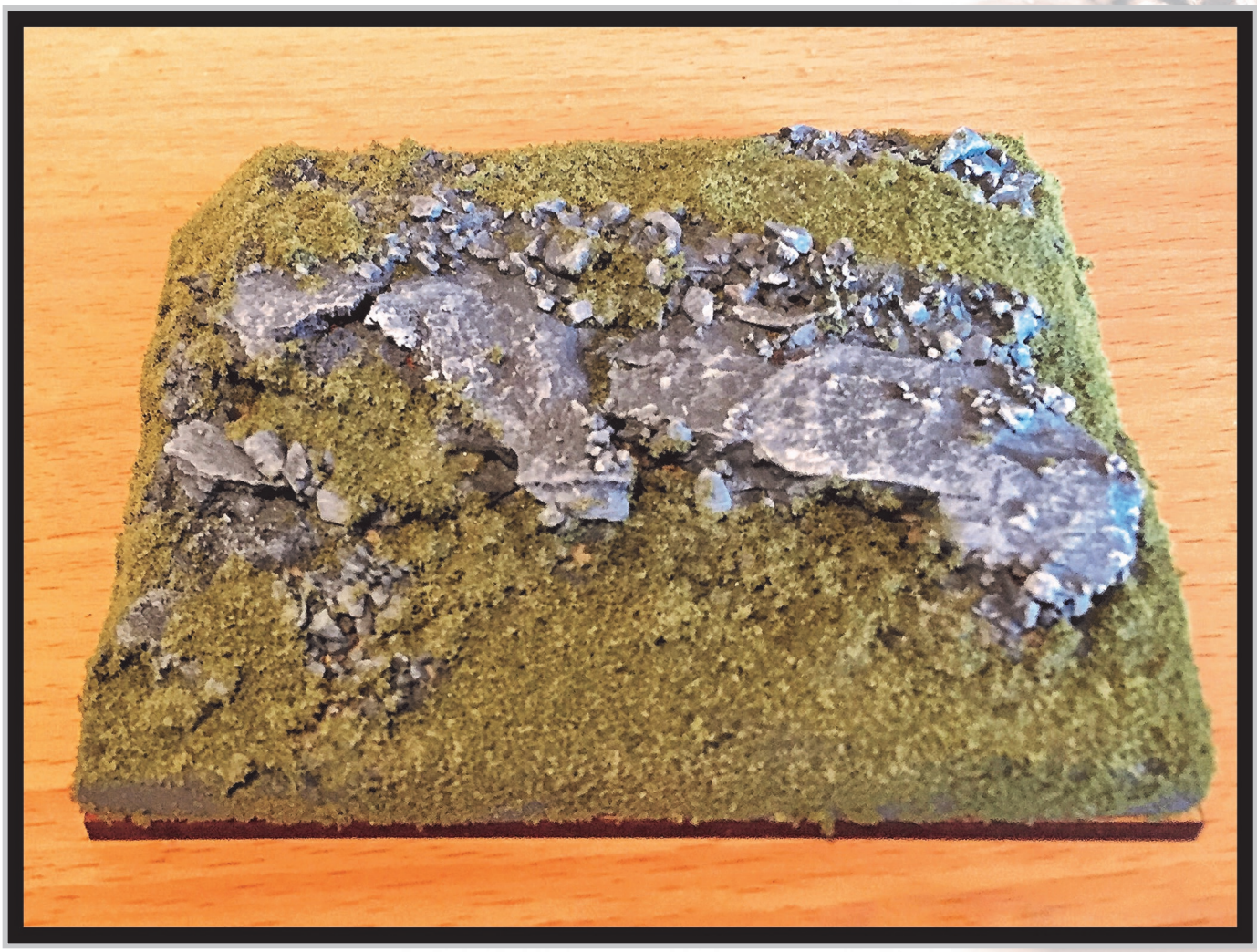
Choosing suitable pieces of bark, I press them firmly into the foam leaving an imprint which I remove with a blade. I use superglue to fix the bark to the foam as it's way faster than PVA. I do use PVA glue to fix the grit, starting with the larger gauge and finishing with the fine.

Now after adding the various grades of grit

After this has fully set, I paint the whole base with matt grey emulsion. When fully dry, I dry-brush the rocks and grit with increasingly lighter shades of grey and finish by highlighting the rock edges with near white.

It is then a case of simply picking out the areas you want to grass with PVA glue and scattering a suitable flock. My advice would be to start thinly and to build up the layers from dark to light until you are satisfied with the result.

After the flat grey primer



Dry-brushing the rocks, and the initial flocking

I really like the little tufts of commercial flower grass - they really can make a base pop, although they are expensive. I recently started to make my own using a heavier foam flock mixed into a weak solution of PVA glue, sprinkled with fine yellow or white scatter and allowed to dry. With tweezers, grab a clump and decorate the bases fixing with PVA glue. I think grouping lots of small clumps together works best.

More flocking, and the first added figure

With regard to attaching the figures, I razor saw them from their stands, drill a very fine hole through the feet and use small headed pins to fix them into the base. The advantage is that you can move and remove the figures or swap them between bases quickly.

It really is that simple. You can be even more creative by adding headstones, small fences, trees - it's really down to your imagination.▪

An example of some of the cool details you can add to your multibases!

Elven Mage-Queen by Jonathan Faulkes

DUTY

By David Burt

Fire.

The cataclysmic events of two days past were filled with it, raining from the sky in tempests of ash and heat, spewing forth from cracking earth in raging gouts, spreading with haste and fury to immolate the land itself as sacrifice to the Wicked Ones' will.

And yet a fire crackled before him, dancing amiably beneath a starless sky. This fire promised safety, hope, a light in the darkness that had set upon the world. The young man leaned forward toward the fire, moving to the edge of the log on which he sat. They had set camp there because the desolation had not spread so far beyond the cordon. Grass was wilted, yes, but green still tinged each blade.

The night air was chill for late summer, and he held his hands closer to the warmth. He sighed, intoxicated by the orange tongues that licked and leapt, then closed his eyes, savoring this moment of reprieve. He remembered what unfolded before the world had crumbled, and how he lived to tell the tale of its destruction. Beyond the Abyssal Cordon, beyond the very borders of the Order, he had been privy to the sparks

that lit the flame just five days past...

They called her Elise of the Silver Voice, and Gastion knelt in wonder at her song.

She stood tall atop a dais at the front of the hall of reflection, arms outstretched to embrace those assembled. Ghost-grey eyes gleamed silver in the sunlight, which filtered through the panes of four stained-glass windows. Her rose petal lips parted to release a clear soprano voice. She sang of ages past, of the exodus from the Forgotten Isles, of white-sailed ships and valiant souls who made their homes far from those they'd lost. The liquid melody ebbed and flowed, and her voice soared to fill the high-beamed ceiling, then fell to softness to whisper tenderly through the air.

Gastion did not know how long Elise sang her song; it seemed an instant and eternity before she reached her final cadence. Tears welled in his eyes when at last she closed her lips, his soul and heart moved by the transcendent experience. The young woman stepped down to sit upon the front pew of the hall.

The world fell back to focus with a sharp and violent silence.

Well, Gastion thought, looking around the hall. *Perhaps my travels have not been a complete waste.* The structure was simple; it was built of cold stone and dark timber, and lined with stained-glass windows that depicted the story of Gunard, the village in which the hall was built. Little more than a wall-less shanty town beyond the Abyssal Cordon, Gunard boasted a single inn and little else. Most of the village population consisted of those atoning for past transgressions against the Order. *Deserters, cowards, insubordinates, Gastion* scoffed to himself. *Perhaps that is why so few attend this hour of reflection*. The young man straightened then, his blood quickening as a broad-shouldered figure moved upon the dais. He was of medium height, clad in a simple, homespun robe. *Sir Logrean,* the young man realized, *the reason I came here in the first place.*

Logrean's black-irised eyes caught the gaze of all attending. "Brothers and sisters," the man began, pitching his baritone just enough to fill the hall. Gastion could tell he withheld a great deal of its volume. "We meet this hour to reflect upon our past, to recognize the present, and find hope in future

Kingdoms of Men Knight by "imm0rtal reaper"

Lower Abyssals by Cedric Boudoya

days." The knight's chiseled face was lined with age, framed by a mane of frosted hair and a salted goatee. "As Valandor once shined light where there was none, so shall we stand as a beacon in the darkness of the world." There were murmurs of agreement among the seven members of the congregation, along with a faint snore. "Let us take a moment to think on this past week, of deeds accomplished and deeds left unattended…"

Gastion was somewhat disappointed. Sir Logrean was renowned as a paragon within the Knights of Redemption, yet here he stood giving a clichéd sermon. Was this truly the man his father spoke so highly of, who had saved the Captain's Council in his youth? He tried to focus and reflect, but to no avail. Elise shifted in her seat, her honey hair rippling three rows ahead of him. He quickly looked down when he saw her turn to glance at him.

A loud crash interrupted his thoughts, and the doors of the chapel flew open with a chill gust of wind.

Gastion's light brown eyes darted to a silhouette collapsing in the sunlight. Gasping for air with wet, bile-filled breaths, a deeply wounded jester fell upon the hard stone floor. Blood flowed freely from the severed stub of his right forearm, and his leggings were soiled with the uric stench of terror.

"Gone. They're all gone," he croaked through rotting teeth. "Valandor preserve us all…"

Sir Logrean moved to the wounded fool, falling to one knee beside him. "Who?" he whispered, "Who is gone?"

"Everyone…" the jester gulped. "At dusk they came like shadows with the wind, demons of smoke and flame…"

"Abyssals?" the knight inquired. The jester nodded. Logrean's brows drew tight. "Did they display runic sigils? What numbers did they show?"

The jester grimaced. "I could not tell…but their faces were hidden with grinning iron masks."

Logrean touched the bleeding stump of the jester's right arm with gentle calloused fingers. "Where are you coming from?"

"Helmsway, Milord. Not twenty miles to the west of here. I fled with two others…" the jester spat a wad of blood, "We fled on stolen horses as the shadows turned to flame, burning everything. My companions… they did not live..." There were tears in the maimed man's eyes, and his body shook involuntarily in fear.

"Craven fool!" Gastion uttered.

"Survivor," Logrean corrected, briefly fixing the young man with a shaming glare. "One who escaped from an attack intended to leave none alive." He turned back to the jester. "You are safe here." There was finality to the statement. "I am Sir Logrean, Knight of Redemption and defender of Gunard. I do not take the Order's enemies lightly."

Kingdoms of Men Hero by "imm0rtal reaper"

The jester's eyes widened. "Thank you…" he whispered. "Thank you, Sir Knight. I am Flambuxteaux. The Fool."

"I am glad to know you," Sir Logrean said, then turned to address the congregation. "Those of you unable to bear arms, stay within the hall. Able-bodied men, muster the militia. Devoted Elise, please tend to our new friend." He waited a moment as the small hall filled with movement. "You, young Sir," he called to Gastion, "You must come with me."

The young man nodded. "As you wish, milord." He followed Sir Logrean through a large oak door behind the dais and emerged into a small antechamber. The room smelled of incense, and its walls were lined with scrolls and thick leather tomes. A suit of gilded armor gleamed brightly on a stand, draped with a black and silver surcoat; its gauntlets were outstretched, palms turned upward, holding a gold-hilted sword sheathed in supple black leather. The jewel-encrusted cross-guard was shaped into a golden lily, petals spread.

"You are Lord Josquin's eldest, are you not?" Sir Logrean inquired, fastening the blade's sheath to the belt around his waist. He gestured to the shining silver griffon embroidered upon the initiate's blue surcoat. "I know your family's colors well, Gastion. When you were but an infant, I

Kingdoms of Men Shieldwall by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

served with your father to drive back a horde of Varangur. You are far from home."

"Yes," Gastion acknowledged, then added, "On my initiation task, milord."

Sir Logrean nodded his approval. "I surmised as much. What is your duty?"

"My sister Estelle instructed me to perform five deeds of valor. High Constable Strane thought it a befitting quest." The young man shrugged. "Thus far, I've had little luck."

The knight looked impressed. "A difficult task, to be sure." He sighed, shaking his head. "Knights rarely travel here, save the occasional bands of abyssal hunters and rangers who pass through. Gunard is too remote, and too near the edge of the abyss for most knights to openly seek its shelter. You are the first noble to stop here in over six months."

"It is not so bad," Gastion offered, "The inn is warm and comfortable. Though I miss the down mattresses and feather pillows of home, the straw cots are soft and the wine was sweet and plentiful last night."

"Few see this town in such a light," the redeemer observed, approval in his tone. "I must concede, I thought the place a rancid dung heap when I first arrived." He smiled faintly. "But, I go where I am needed most. 'Tis a life that suits me." He swept from the antechamber through the heavy doors of the chapel. "Come along, now." Gastion was hot on his heels.

When they emerged into the outside world, the eighty or so men who dwelled within the

village stood before them. Most were villein farmers armed with rusted tools and winter coats for armor. About twenty wore the uniforms of the Red Lion Watch; these men had at least trained in years past. Only three were reconnoiterers, garbed in studded leather coats and armed with hunting spears. All looked in awe as the Knight of Redemption moved to speak.

"The village of Helmsway was burned to the ground last night. None survived." Logrean let the words sink in. "Whoever committed this act may be coming to Gunard. We must labor hard to fortify the village." He took another pause, gauging the reaction of the sharply focused villeins. "Reconnoiterers, scout our borders and the edge of the forest. Spears and plowshares, take five teams of men. Dig entrenchments at all major access points to the village. Line the trenches with sharpened wooden stakes and soak the soil with water. The rest of you, ensure your weapons are in working order." He turned to Gastion. "You will assist me with planning the defense."

Gastion nodded, and the militia followed suit. Throughout the day the villeins carried out their orders, taking what remaining time they had to train. When they had finalized their strategies in early evening, Gastion and Logrean went to retrieve their horses.

The stables were rank as Gastion went to his destrier and gently stroked his mane. Servants had clothed the massive chestnut in blue and silver barding. Aptly named

Kingdoms of Men Knights by "imm0rtal reaper"

Tempest, the horse was tall, furious, and smelled of earth and musk. When Gastion raised himself into the saddle, Tempest stomped his feet with impatience. “Calm yourself, old friend. We’ll see action yet.”

“You look much like your father,” Logrean commented, riding a grey courser to meet the young knight. He wore his ensorcelled armor now; the black and silver surcoat fell to reveal intricate enameled patterns on the plate. They wove the tale of the exodus from the Forgotten Isles. Logrean gave Gastion a nod, and the two men rode to the center of town together, steel glistening in the fading sunlight. The villeins stood at rapt attention, awaiting their orders.

“Milord!” A clear call rang from across the town square. A reconnoiterer rode swiftly through the street. As he neared, Gastion beheld a great burn in his side, leathers melting into cauterized flesh from ribs to thigh. “Milord, they are nearly here…they’ll arrive by sunset.”

“Where are your companions?”

The reconnoiterer shook his head, then fell from his saddle to collapse on the ground. Elise flocked to him, ordering two women to take him to the reflection hall.

Logrean reared his horse back, his voice echoing to the heavens. “Women and children, to the chapel. Men, to your positions! Elise, remain in the reflection hall. If your spells are needed, come to our aid.” He clapped Gastion on the shoulder. “You and I part ways here. Take the eastward defense. I ride north.”

Dungeon Saga Hero by Matt Gilbert

Gastion nodded. “The will of Valandor be with you.”

“And with you, young griffon.” Sir Logrean turned his horse, then cantered down the northward road. Gastion moved east.

The villeins saluted as he arrived. Flambuxteaux the Fool stood amongst their ranks, healed by Damsel Elise. Where his hand once was, a heavy iron mace was grafted to his flesh with thread and flame.

“I see you have rejoined us, Flambuxteaux,” Gastion observed. There was a degree of insolence in the fool’s expression that Gastion did not appreciate, but the young

man could not help but feel embarrassed for his previous behavior. Logrean had been right. The man was no coward, and his presence here showed it. "I will fight for those you lost," he offered, patting his blade. "I will help avenge their deaths."

The fool stifled a laugh. It was obvious Elise's magics had healed his spirit in addition to his body. "Let's just get out of this alive," he offered. "I've got your back if you've got mine."

Abyssal Champion by Cedric Boudoya

"Fair enough," Gastion replied. Tempest stomped his front hooves and snorted. Something was not right.

Slowly, the air filled with wisps of stinking, acrid smoke that surrounded the village like a rising tide. There were no flames to accompany it, however, and Gastion strove to find its origin to no avail. Each moment, the smoke grew thicker. Each inhalation smelled of burning rot and stabbed his lungs with the sharp sting of corrosion. Gastion felt his sword hand rest upon the pommel of his blade, fingers twitching. *The Abyss is an ever-changing enemy,* a memory whispered. He was training with other initiates at the Red Lion Watch, the High Constable schooling them about the threats they would soon face. *Deception, illusion, sowing fear - Abyssals preclude their assaults upon your body with assaults upon your very courage. Many will break before their armies rear their cursed faces.*

The sky grew darker, the sun setting as the blue clouded into gray. In the distance, a guttural cry rang and echoed in the silence, answered by another and another. The sound of crunching undergrowth and beaten earth was faint within the forest depths, but grew and grew until it reached a deafening roar, punctuated by

Kingdoms of Men Hero by "Daedle"

more cries and their answers.

Gastion steeled himself. "Hold, men," he called calmly. The shadowed silhouettes of riders danced through the smoke astride ebon horses, backlit by some unseen red-tinged light. Hoods shrouded their heads, but the glint of grotesque iron helms shined through. There was a sort of music to their hoofbeats, and Gastion felt himself hypnotized by the graceful twists they made through the smoke, bobbing and weaving like the marionettes of some perverse puppeteer. The gaps between the horsemen glowed brighter, first orange, then yellow, then white.

Then bolts of white-hot fire exploded into the first line of villeins. Burning men fell screaming before any could react. Gastion cursed himself. He had fallen completely into the Abyssals' trap, and five men roasted at Tempest's feet because of his mistake.

"Shields!" Gastion yelled as burning men wailed in agony. The remaining villeins grounded their tower shields in the mud as archers crouched behind for shelter. "Nock!" He drew his sword, its blade catching the light of the surrounding flames. "Draw!" As the dark riders circled once more, horned silhouettes emerged from the smoke, saliva dripping from smiling, sharpened teeth. "Loose!" The Brotherhood archers stepped forth, resolved. and released their missiles into the night. Three enemy horsemen fell from their saddles, and two flamebearers crumbled to the ground, grins turned to frowns. A cheer rang through the Brotherhood ranks, and the abyssal horsemen turned to disappear into the smoke. *It cannot be that easy,* Gastion thought to himself. He looked to Flambuxteaux, who rolled his eyes and shook his head.

Moments later, a massive knight clad in smoking, night-black full-plate led the abyssal riders, charging forth. As the flamebearers continued to fire their missiles into the Brotherhood soldiers, the black knight smashed through their lines. Without stopping, he moved at full gallop past Gastion as a fierce wind whipped the hood from his head, unveiling a sneering iron helm webbed with red enamel. As Gastion looked closer, it seemed the red enamel pumped and flowed. Horrified, he realized the helm was veined with blood.

"Hold the line, men!" Gastion yelled, turning Tempest to follow the knight. As he arrived at the steps of the reflection hall, the masked figure dismounted, unsheathing his blade.

"Hold!" Gastion called, mustering all his impetuous courage. "Move no further!"

The dark figure turned in silence, his mask laughing. Gastion spurred Tempest forth. As he came within striking distance, the masked knight swept his sword with uncanny speed and force. His blow shattered Gastion's blade, knocking him from his horse. Ears ringing, Gastion pulled himself to his feet and drew his dagger as the knight advanced.

"I demand to know the name of my foe!" he yelled in earnest. "As a knight you are honor-bound to tell me."

The golden mask laughed with amusement. "I am honor-bound to tell you nothing." His voice was deep, smooth, a silken bass. He lunged with the pommel of his blade before Gastion could raise his shield, crushing the initiate's jaw. Again he struck without warning, knocking Gastion to the ground. "This is where your honor falls," he said coolly, placing an armored foot upon the errant's neck. Slowly, he began to increase the pressure.

From far away a pure, crystalline voice soared to the sky, its melody flowing like healing waters. Tendrils of crystalline liquid

Terrain by Paul Scott

Varangur Chosen by Paul Welsh

grew like vines from the earth, curling themselves 'round the masked knight's foot. Several more twined together to form a protective shell around Gastion, then hardened to diamond. Silhouetted in blue-white light, Devoted Elise stepped from the reflection hall with arms outstretched, her grey eyes aflame with eldritch power. "You shall go no further," she fumed, waving her hands to send forth quenching gouts of boiling water in the direction of the great masked knight.

With shield raised, the knight moved forward. Each step took him closer to Elise, his armor merely denting from the barrage

that assaulted him. “Your power is failing you, Damsel. Valandor’s light is dim.” With a dark steeled hand, he reached out and grabbed the devoted’s face, digging his sharp armor into her skin. Flesh sizzled beneath his fingers, and smoke curled between them as she screamed.

“No…” Gastion cried, squirming to wrench himself from his protective prison. Helplessly, he watched the masked knight lift Elise and smash her head into the doors of the hall. Braced shut, they held firmly against the battering as her body fell limply to the ground. The masked knight turned back to the doorway and kicked. Bloodied oak and metal splintered from the impact, and the dark figure strode purposefully into the sanctuary. With blade raised, he began to slaughter the villeins within; the powerless sated the bloodlust of the mighty.

With the thunder of hooves, a silver figure pierced the darkness. Sir Logrean leapt from his horse with the grace of a hart, eyes blazing. In his hand gleamed his sword, its blade a thousand colors fighting back the night. “The riders to the south are slain or in retreat. I’ve sent several men to the eastward road to bolster its defense.” He shattered the woven cage that trapped Gastion with a single blow. “Stay with Elise. I shall deal with the monster in the hall.”

“But, milord…Elise…I believe she is slain.”

“Is your faith so shaken, young knight?” Logrean inquired, touching Gastion’s shoulder. Warmth spread throughout the errant’s body and he felt light and healthy. “There is always hope, so long as the righteous draw breath. Remember your family’s words.”

Kingdoms of Men Knights by Andre Kritzinger

By Boris Samec

"Steadfast are the righteous," the young man whispered.

Logrean offered a small smile then swept off toward the hall of reflection, and Gastion bolted up the muddy street to where Elise lay, honey hair smeared with mud. Her eyes were shut, and her face still smoked where the masked knight had gripped her. Still, her chest rose and fell with life. Gastion took her hand in his, and watched Logrean ascend the hall's steps.

Within, the helpless lay slain in scarlet pools. The giant knight held a girl by the throat upon the altar's cold surface. The mask tilted, observing the girl as if she was little more than a curious insect as his grip tightened.

Without a word, without a warning, a glowing blade smashed itself upon the masked man's armor, the sound reverberating to the rafters of the chapel. Turning, the giant knight caught the blazing gaze of Sir Logrean.

"Run," Sir Logrean whispered to the girl. She fled as the Abyssal knight bowed with mocking courtesy. Silently, he drew his ebon

sword from its sheath and met the exemplar in combat.

Sparks of heat erupted as steel clashed against steel. With inhuman speed, the two knights fought, a whirlwind of light and darkness. As Logrean's blade glowed a rainbow of color, the masked knight's sword drained light where it was swung. Candles were extinguished with the sheer wind created from their speed; stained glass windows shattered with the force of each blow. For what seemed an eternity, the pair fought their duel. Finally, when both were winded from combat, Sir Logrean buried his blade within the armpit of the masked knight. As his foe collapsed to the chapel floor, Logrean kicked the blood-veined mask from the figure's face and stood back in disgust.

Dungeon Saga Ba'el by Cedric Boudoya

Chalk-white skin stretched itself gauntly across angular bones. Glossed red eyes stared at the face of the Redemption Knight, and strands of ebon hair dangled limply to his neck. Past thin purple lips protruded sharpened teeth, and tendrils of black slime webbed themselves across colorless cheeks.

"Who are you?" Logrean demanded. "Are you man or demon?"

The grotesque grinned. "I am but one of many seeking vengeance. We were wronged, you see. Wronged by your Council and your Order. I wished to slake my desires before the world you know crumbles into nothing."

"The Order does not negotiate with your kind," the exemplar spat with disgust.

The creature laughed. "We were wronged long before *this."* He grimaced as he gestured to his body. *"This* is merely a means to an end, Redeemer." The sound of hoofbeats grew near. "We wish to reclaim that which was once ours, that which you so cravenly abandoned. Nothing more. Nothing less."

"Milord!" yelled Gastion in a panic. He sounded pained.

"I ask you once again," Logrean bellowed, "Who are you?"

"Do you not know?" the creature whispered, gravity pulling each word. He stood, wrenched Logrean's blade from his armpit and threw it to the ground. Lamplight glinted off a flash of gold, and the Redeemer inhaled sharply. Briefly, he beheld a talisman that dangled from the creature's neck. 'Twas a

Basilean Elohi by Boris Samec

small shield with an ebon wave crest upon a crimson field, framed with gold. His eyes grew wide. “Ah, now you understand.”

“The Lost Ones…” Logrean’s voice was hushed, little more than breath.

“Such a clever knight.” The creature bowed with a flourish. “I am Arnaud d’Arcaunis, the last name your ears shall hear.” He walked toward the doorway of the reflection hall, knocking oil lamps upon the floor, setting flame to the holy sanctuary. Two abyssal horsemen stood with lit torches at the entrance, and Arnaud leapt behind one of the riders. “Kill him,” he said. The nearest horseman threw his lance like a javelin to plunge directly in the heart of the Redemption Knight. “And burn this town to the ground. In two days’ time, this area will no longer exist.”

As they left, each rider moved his torch upon the thatched roofs of the hovels, setting them ablaze.

Gastion watched with rage and horror, helplessly held to the ground by a spear that punctured his left hand. Elise had not yet stirred, and it took all his strength to wrench the spear from his palm. Limping, he ran up the stairs of the chapel to get Sir Logrean before the building fell.

“I told you to guard Elise,” Logrean managed, coughing blood.

“The riders have gone. We must get out before the town burns down.”

“I…I cannot go anywhere. I have done my duty. There is no task left for me save…save one.” He pulled Gastion close. “They were the Lost Ones, young knight. Only…” he

stammered, "Only the Captain's Council knows." He took a shallow breath. "His name was Arnaud d'Arcaunis. Remember that name." Gastion nodded. "Take my blade. I call her Daylight…keep her close."

"I…" Gastion was at a loss for words.

"There's no time! Go now! Flee as far as you can. He said this place will no longer exist....two day's time..." Logrean held forth the hilt of his sword.

Gastion grasped the blade and lifted it with reverence, then turned to see Sir Logrean's eyes shut, mouth curled slightly in a subtle, peaceful smile. "You shall not be forgotten," he whispered, then ran from the reflection hall, barely escaping before the roof collapsed. As he arrived at the bottom of the stairs, Elise was awake. He knelt beside her. "Can you stand?" he asked.

She nodded. "I think so."

Taking her hand, Gastion whistled for Tempest as he helped her up. The destrier came running for his master, followed by the few remaining villagers, Flambuxteaux in the lead.

"Gastion," Elise said, placing her soft hand on his shoulder. "We cannot leave these people. We must at least take them with us."

"Aye," Gastion conceded. He stood tall, realizing that they would all be looking to him for leadership. "We must move fast as we can to the nearest fortress."

"What of Sir Logrean?" called Flambuxteaux.

Gastion turned to the chapel, sighing. "He sleeps with Valandor." He looked to the ground. "We've lost much, and have much left to do this night." The survivors nodded in agreement. They took some moments to find what supplies yet remained, then set out on their journey. The village turned to smoking embers as it fell to the horizon…

"Ow!" Gastion exclaimed, brought back to the present. A small pebble fell into the dirt beside his right foot.

"Thought you'd fallen asleep," Flam's raspy tenor laughed. "You started rocking back and forth and closed your eyes at one point." He took a bite of rabbit leg, fatty juices dribbling down his stubbled chin. "Almost fell forward into the fire." He swallowed. "I've seen enough burning people these past few days. Didn't want you

Kingdoms of Men Wizard by Andre Kritzinger

Basilean Panther Rider by "C.M. Minis"

to be one of 'em."

"Thank you." Gastion offered an amused half-smile.

"Anytime," the fool replied, raising his mace hand as if toasting an invisible glass.

The young man scratched the back of his neck. "How long was I…?"

"Drooling like a simpleton?" Flam offered with a chuckle.

"To put it bluntly, yes."

The fool shrugged. "Five minutes? Long enough for Elise to head back to her tent. I'm not exactly sure the slack-jawed dreamer approach is going to work with her."

Gastion blushed. Was he so obvious? "Is everything set for the morning?"

"Should be," Flam said. "Bags are packed and all that." He sighed.

Gastion reached for the last bit of rabbit, which was on a roughspun blanket. "Get some sleep, Flam. I'll keep first watch."

"You sure you won't get all dreamy again?"

"I'm sure."

"Right, then. I won't say no to a few hours." The fool stood up, carefully brushed himself off, and retreated to his tent.

Gastion got up as well and moved to Tempest, who was tethered to a nearby tree. He stroked the horse's neck and forehead, savoring the slick softness of the fur between his fingers. He was still in a state of shock, and attempted to sort the race of recent events.

Five days ago, Gunard had fallen. Three days ago, they'd arrived at Bated Hollow, the nearest Brotherhood fortress. They were accommodated well enough, and the villein refugees were offered places with the fortress' ploughshares. Still, the knights did not believe their story, and so Gastion, Flam, and Elise continued on, striving to reach the Council Chamber with as much speed as they could muster. Two days past, the world had fallen apart, and they watched Bated

Hollow itself fall into the Abyss with explosive force. Gastion hoped beyond hope that his family was safe, but their home of Evencrest was in the opposite direction of the Council Chamber.

They pressed on. The Abyssal forces had made their first move, but the three of them had information that could prove crucial to the Council. If the Chamber was destroyed, it was irrelevant. They would find those who survived. Gastion's initiation task no longer mattered.

Only this singular purpose remained, and he would see it through.▪

Undead Skeletons by Jim Kew

PAINTING AN ASTERIAN ARMY QUICKLY

By Jack Bryant

Firstly I must immediately make it crystal clear that I got most of this painting guide back in July from the marvelous Mantic blog! I have added a couple of steps and changed things to suit my needs however, and it is with this I share my first painting blog; painting my Asterian Army Quickly!

I am a new painter, having painted my first miniature under two years ago, but it is thanks to YouTube, Ironwatch and painting blogs that I have been able to learn to paint to a tabletop standard that I am happy with.

Step 1: Prime

First I sprayed the miniatures in black primer. I used £1 Matt Black by Pro Finish (Pound World spray paint for British readers). It is cheap as chips and I have not had any problems using it with my miniatures. I warm up the bottle hot water before use and shake it very well.

Step 1: Black Primer (From Pound Land)

Step 2: Wet Brush

I left the miniatures overnight to dry completely. I then went about applying a wet brush of Quicksilver (P3) to the entire model. As you can see the silver covered all but the deepest of creases and brought out the detail of the model.

Step 2: Wet Brush with Quicksilver (From P3)

Step 3: Generous wash with Tamiya Clear (From X-23)

Step 3: Tamiya Clear

This was the most fun part of painting these miniatures. Using Tamiya Clear X-23, a vibrant electric kind of blue, I applied a generous amount to the whole miniature spearing the weapon. At first I approached this step much like a wash and even tried watering down the Tamiya clear somewhat. Do NOT do this. My experience of this was that the Tamiya clear didn't stick to the miniature so well and the overall color was a little too light. I soon realized that the best method was to put a smaller amount on my paint brush and cover a lot less of the miniature, then repeat and repeat. This ended up giving me a darker blue finish and produced the glazy metallic look I was going for.

Step 4: The Weapons

Leaving the Tamiya Clear to dry overnight, my next step come the morning was to tackle the weapons. I decided on red for the weapons as I felt this nicely contrasted the blue. I base coated all the weapons in Korne Red (GW)

Step 4: Weapons painted with Khorne Red (From GW)

Step 5: Black wash on weapons (Nuln Oil from GW)

Step 5: Washing the Weapons

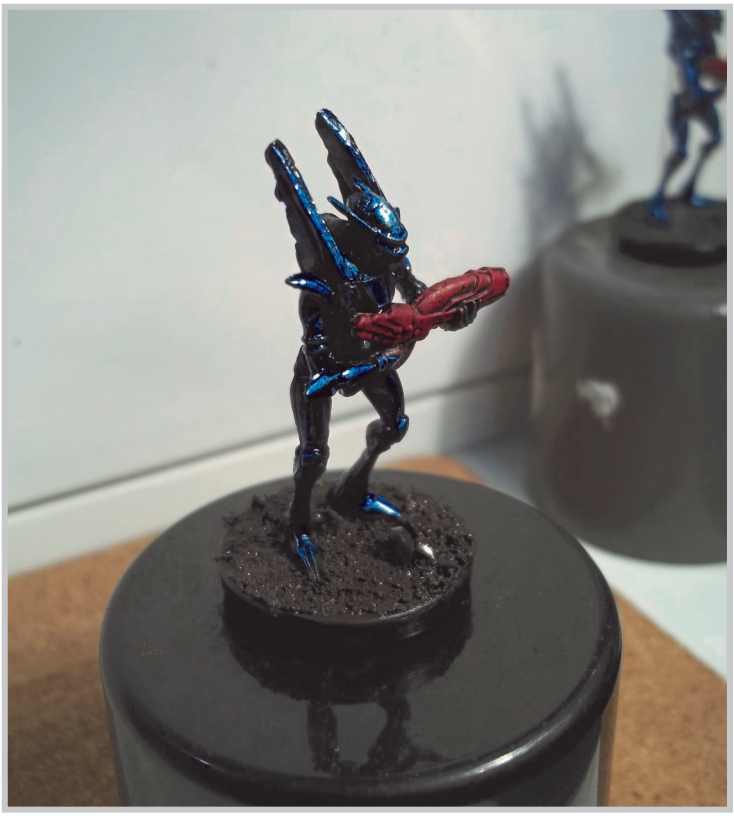
The weapons then received a black wash. I used Nuln Oil (GW) and did not go over the top with it.

Step 6: Dry Brushing the Weapons

Finally the weapons then received a drybrush of red to bring the color back up and make the detail pop a little. I mixed Korne Red (GW) with Evil Sunz Scarlet (GW) in a 50 : 50 ratio. Ensuring the brush had the vast majority of the paint removed I then gave the weapons a little flicker with the dry brush. At this stage I was happy with the end result of my Asterians, they were nothing fancy at all but for a newbie painter with a backlog of miniatures in the 'to paint' pile I was more than happy with the end result.

Next up the base!

Step 6: Drybrush weapons with red color mix

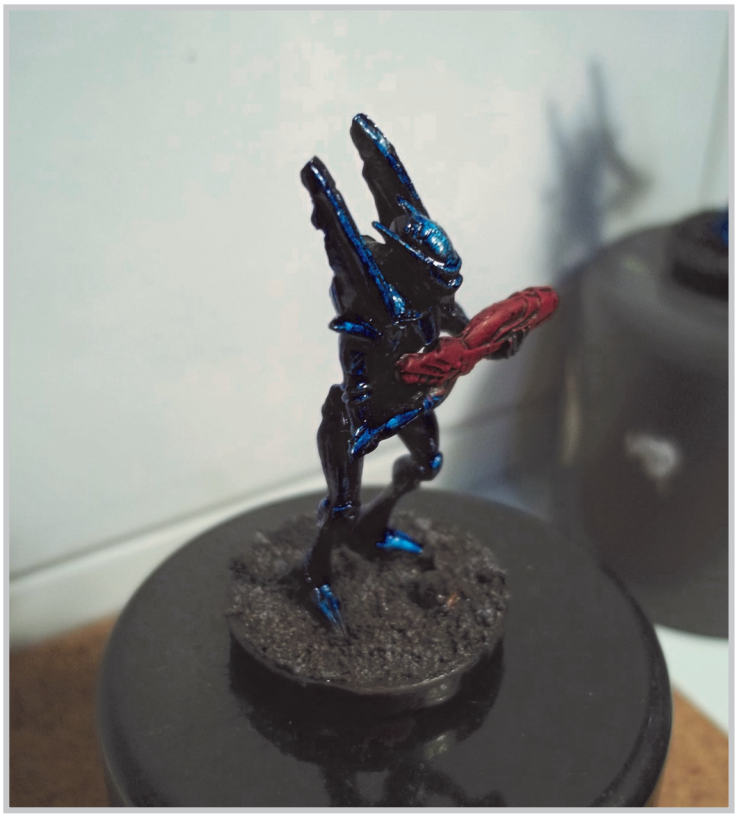


Step 7: Rhinox Hide on base (From GW)

Step 7: Base

Before I primed the miniatures I based them with some sand. I used sand from my local beach as I live 2 minutes away. This now needed painting. The first color on the base was Rhinox Hide (GW) a dark brown which I watered down a little to help it soak into all the nooks and crannies.

Step 8: Dry Brush the Base, Part 1
When dry I then added a dry brush layer of Rakarth Flesh (GW) to give the base a greyish look and to complement the Deadzone playmat color scheme.



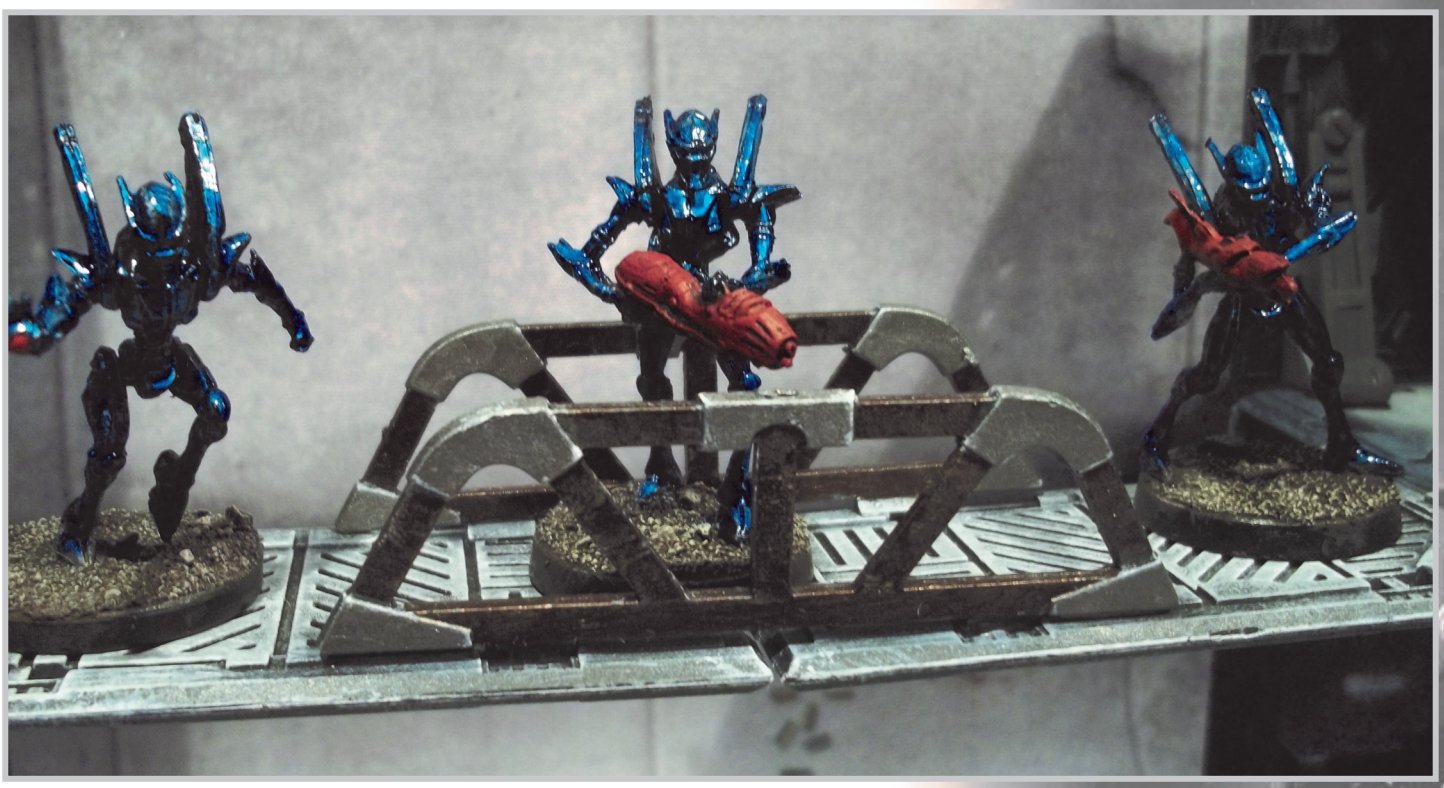
Step 8: Drybrush with Rakarth Flesh (From GW)

Step 9: Drybrush with Ushabti Bone (From GW)

Step: Dry Brush the Base, Part 2
Lastly I dry brushed lightly a layer of Ushabti Bone over the base to highlight some of the bigger grains of sand and tiny stones. This helped to make the base pop just that little bit more. At this stage I was happy to say the miniatures were complete.

Looking at the finished model you can see that it is no award winner and the more you look at it the more you can see wrong with it. However, I am a new painter and it was the ease in which I could get my Asterians painted and game ready that got me excited about this paint scheme.

I hoped you enjoyed reading this paint blog and I hope to make another one soon.▪



MAGNETIZING AN ENFORCER INTERCEPTOR

By Igel Kott

The Mantic Interceptor/Persecutor is a great looking model but I wanted to be able to easily change my models into the different variants. I also wanted to be able to dismantle the wings for easier transport to game sessions. I also didn't want to drill into the hull and wings which would mar the finish. After studying the model I decided that it would be fairly easy to magnetize the parts for different configurations.

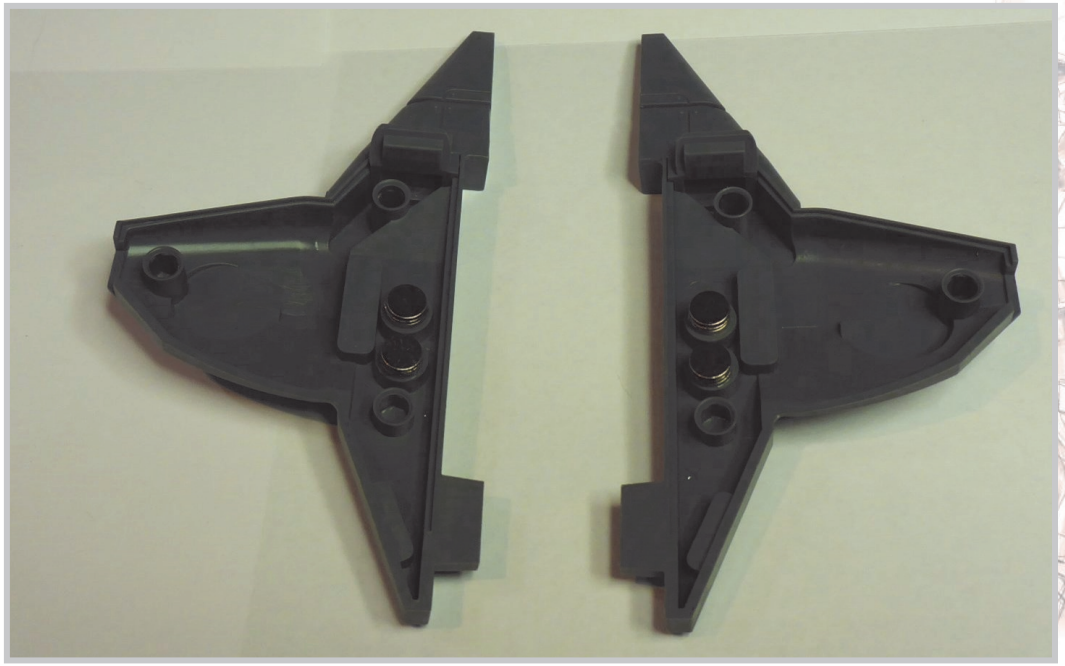
Here are the materials I used for this customization:

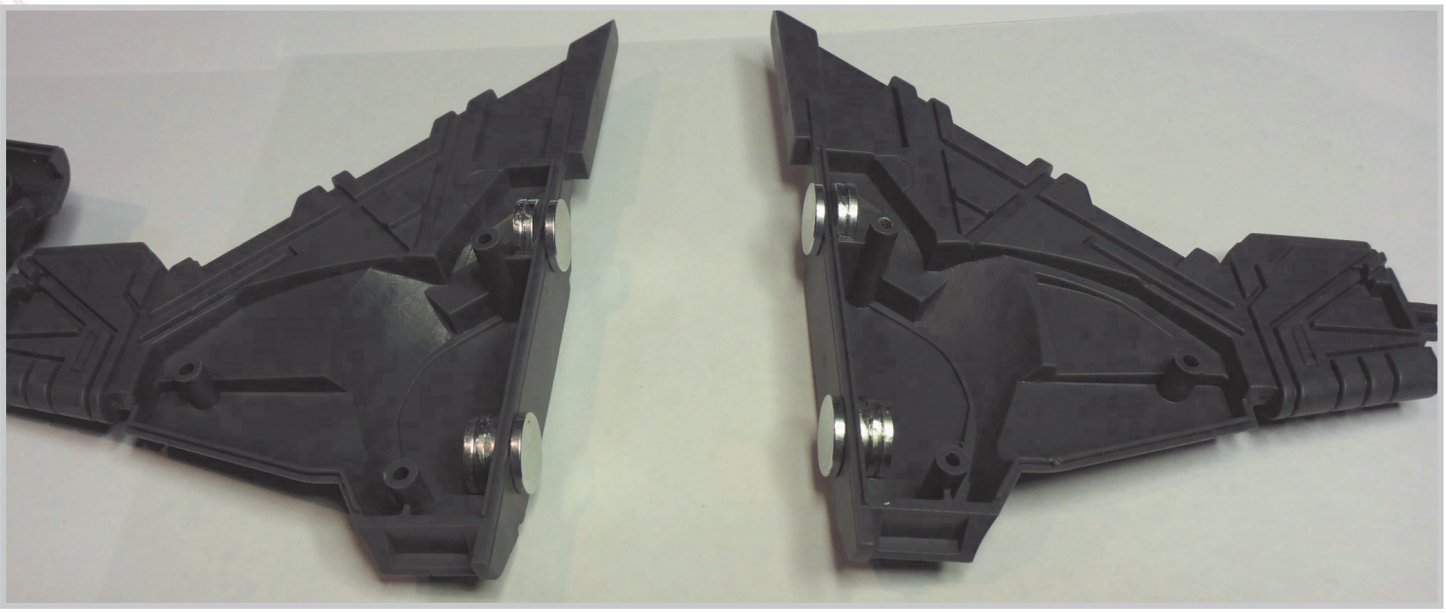
- 1 Interceptor model kit.
- Numerous neodymium magnets of these sizes:
    - 1mmx3mm
    - 1mmx6mm
    - 1.5mmx10mm
- 2 pieces of plastic to mount magnets on for the transport pod
- Your favorite super glue

For tools I used an xacto blade, pin vise and VSR powered drill (make sure it's capable of good slow speed control), clippers, files/ sandpaper. You can use different magnet sizes, but you may need to adjust positioning or methods from what I did here. I generally like using the 3mm and 6mm magnets since they fit nicely into holes drilled with 1/8" and 1/4" drills respectively. So let's get started.

1) Wings

I started with the wings. First I took the lower wing pieces and glued 1mmx6mm magnets onto the bomb mounts. To make it easy to locate where to glue the magnets, I temporarily held a stack of magnets in the bomb mount holes underneath and then I can add a drop of glue to the top of the holes and when I drop the magnets on it will automatically line up into the correct position. This also guarantees that the



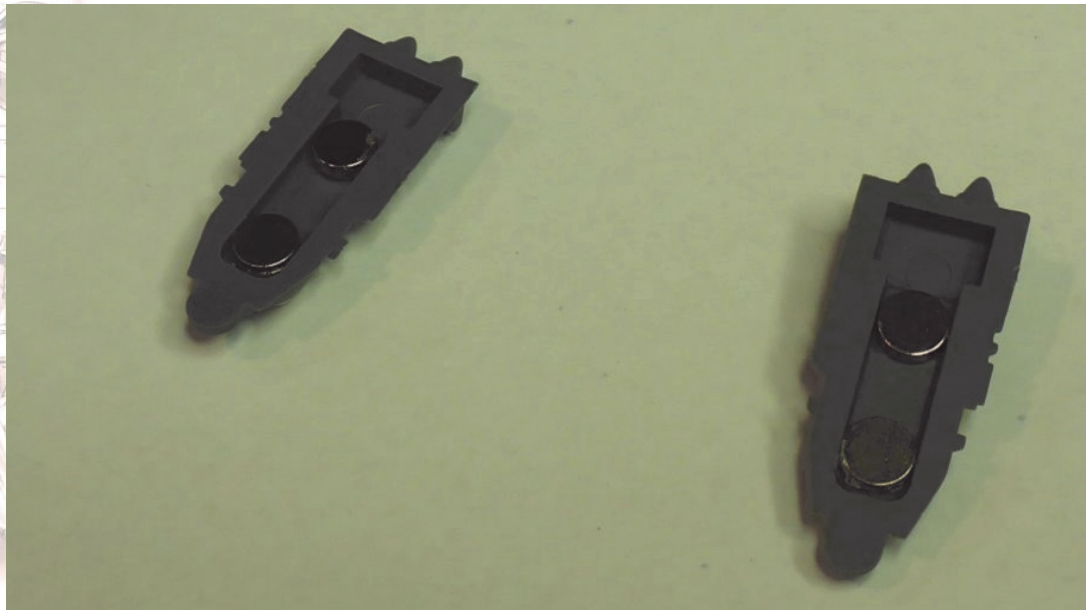


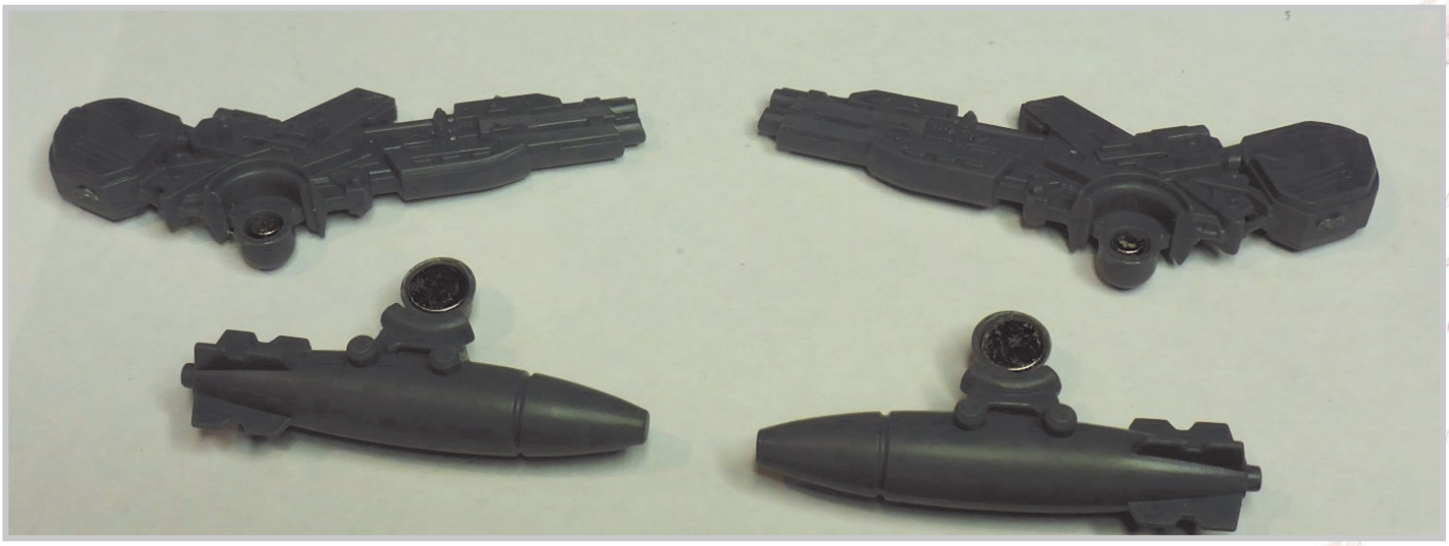
magnets will be in the correct orientation. This is a trick I often use to make sure that the positioning and orientation is correct. I ended up gluing on a stack of 3 magnets to get good holding power.

Then I glued on magnets on the upper wing parts to hold the wings onto the hull. These are mounted as show in the picture below. For this I used the 1.5mmx10mm magnets and I mounted 3 on the forward part of the wing and 2 on the back part because I wanted nice solid holding power to keep the wings in place. You can see in the photo below that I temporarily used a magnet on the other side of the plastic to help locate the correct placement of the magnets on the inside of the wing and hold them until the glue is dry (do not glue the temporary magnets!). Note! do not try to assemble the wing parts until the glue is completely dry.

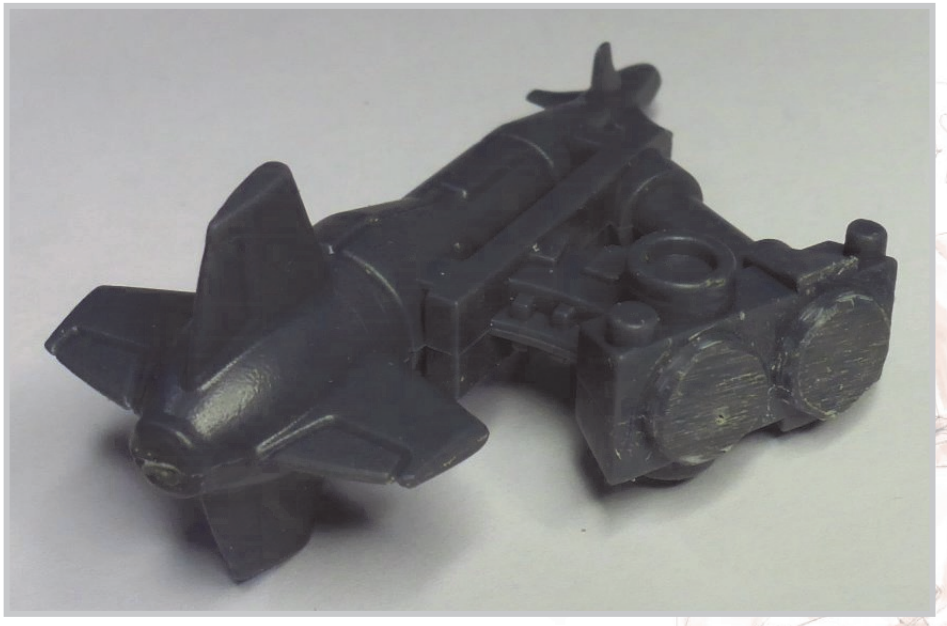
2) Weapons

While waiting for the wings to dry, I began working on the weapons. The missile pods are pretty straightforward using the 1mmx6mm magnets, doubled up (pictured below).





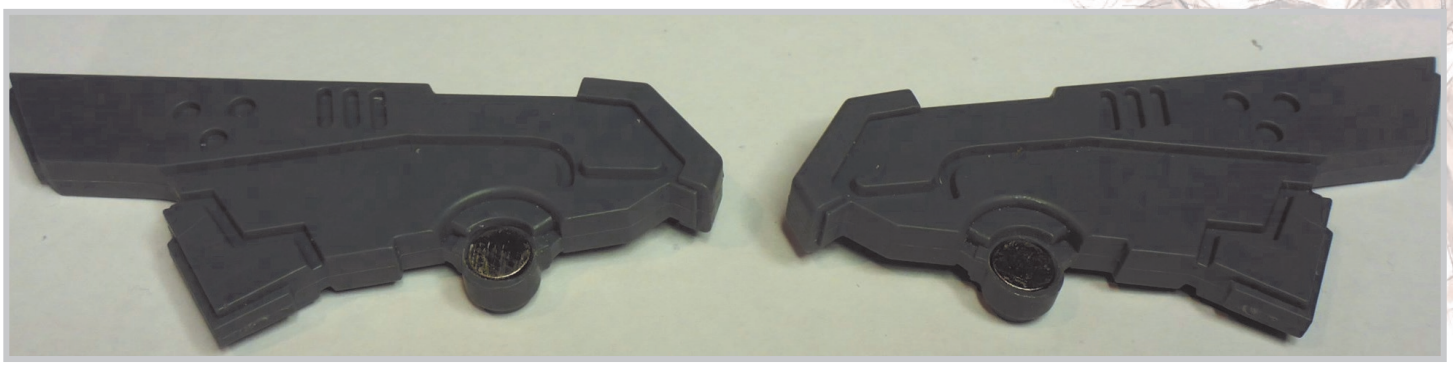
Then I magnetized the weapons on the ends of the wings. I used 4 1mmx3mm magnets for each burst lasers. I did have to drill the holes slightly deeper with a 1/8

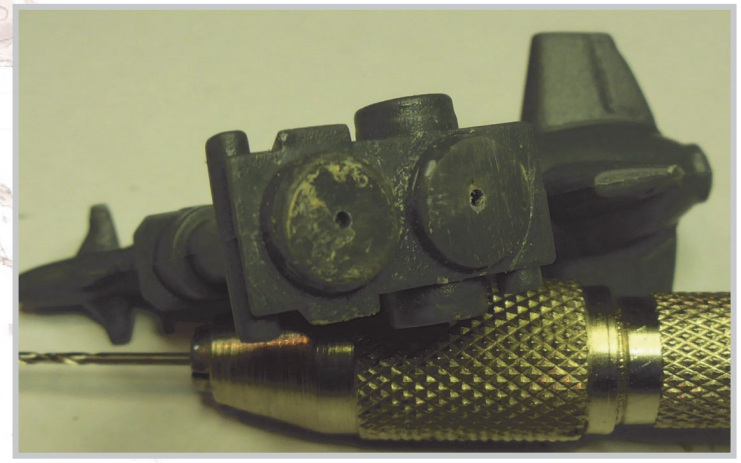


drill bit to fit the stack of magnets. I then enlarged the holes on the bombs with a 1/4" drill bit and used a 1mmx6mm magnet.

Then I carefully drilled out the weapon holders with a 1/4" drill bit and installed 1mmx6mm magnets doubled up (pictured below)

The bombs that mount under the plane need so different work. For these I wanted to replace the mounts with magnets but the magnets were slightly smaller than the holes in the wings, and I didn't want it to rattle around so I left about a millimeter in place for a nice fit in the holes.

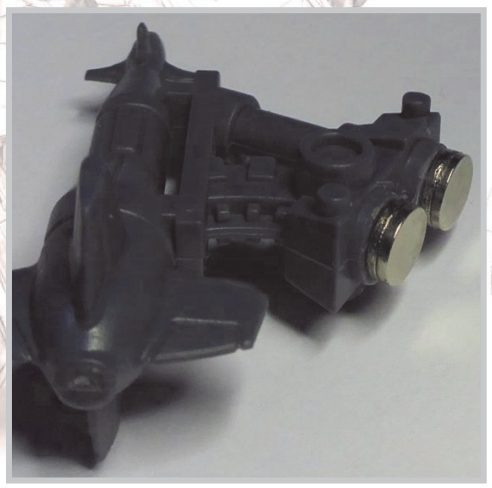




Next, there's a good chance that this magnet mount will be subjected to sideways forces and the magnets can readily break off since superglue is strong but brittle. So in this case I chose to add a base of 1mmx3mm magnets first then add on the 1mmx6mm magnets. When I need to make sure that magnets are centered, I first drill a tiny hole.

Then I drilled 1/8" holes.

Then glued in 2 1mmx3mm magnets into each hole.



Then finally I added the 1mmx6mm magnets, doubled up.

3) Hull

Now it's time to work on the hull. The two halves easily separate by pulling them apart. One of the posts that hold the halves together is in the way of where I needed to glue in the magnets so I had to cut off a post on each half (pictured above).

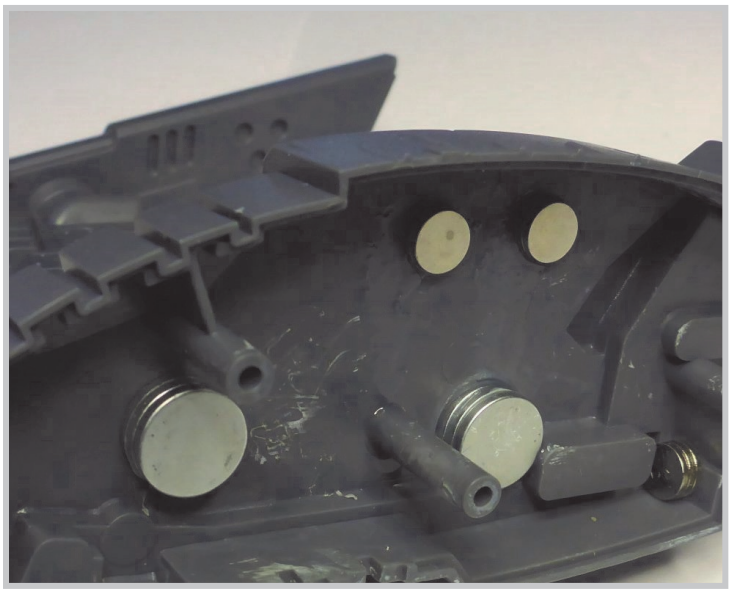
Now assemble the wings (make sure the magnets are dry!) and insert them to their correct locations in the hull halves. Just simply press fitting the wing parts is fine at this point. They can be glued anytime later if desired.

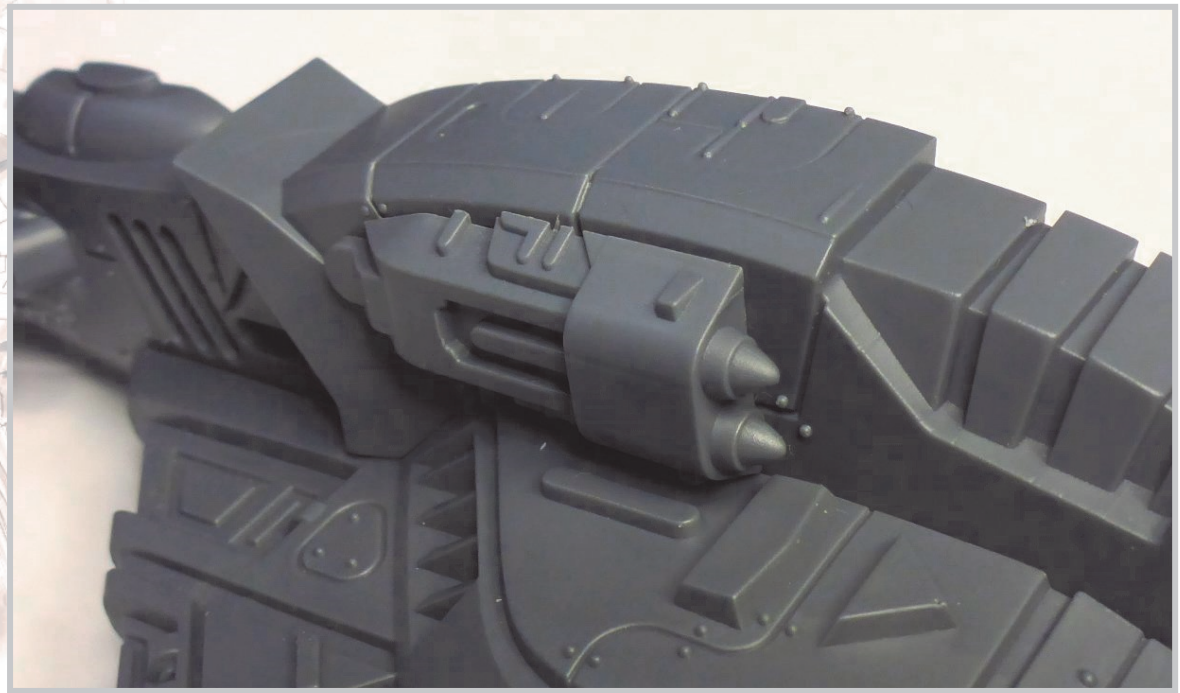
So how do you know where to put the magnets on the inside of the hull? Well, it's easy peasy lemon squeezy as Tyler says. Simply hold a magnet near the hull and it will be attracted to the correct position (and the orientation will automatically be correct)! I used 1.5mmx10mm magnets for this and tripled them up for super duper holding power. By the way, when doubling or tripling up magnets like this I usually glue one in first, then put a dot of glue on the first one and then add a second (then a third if desired).

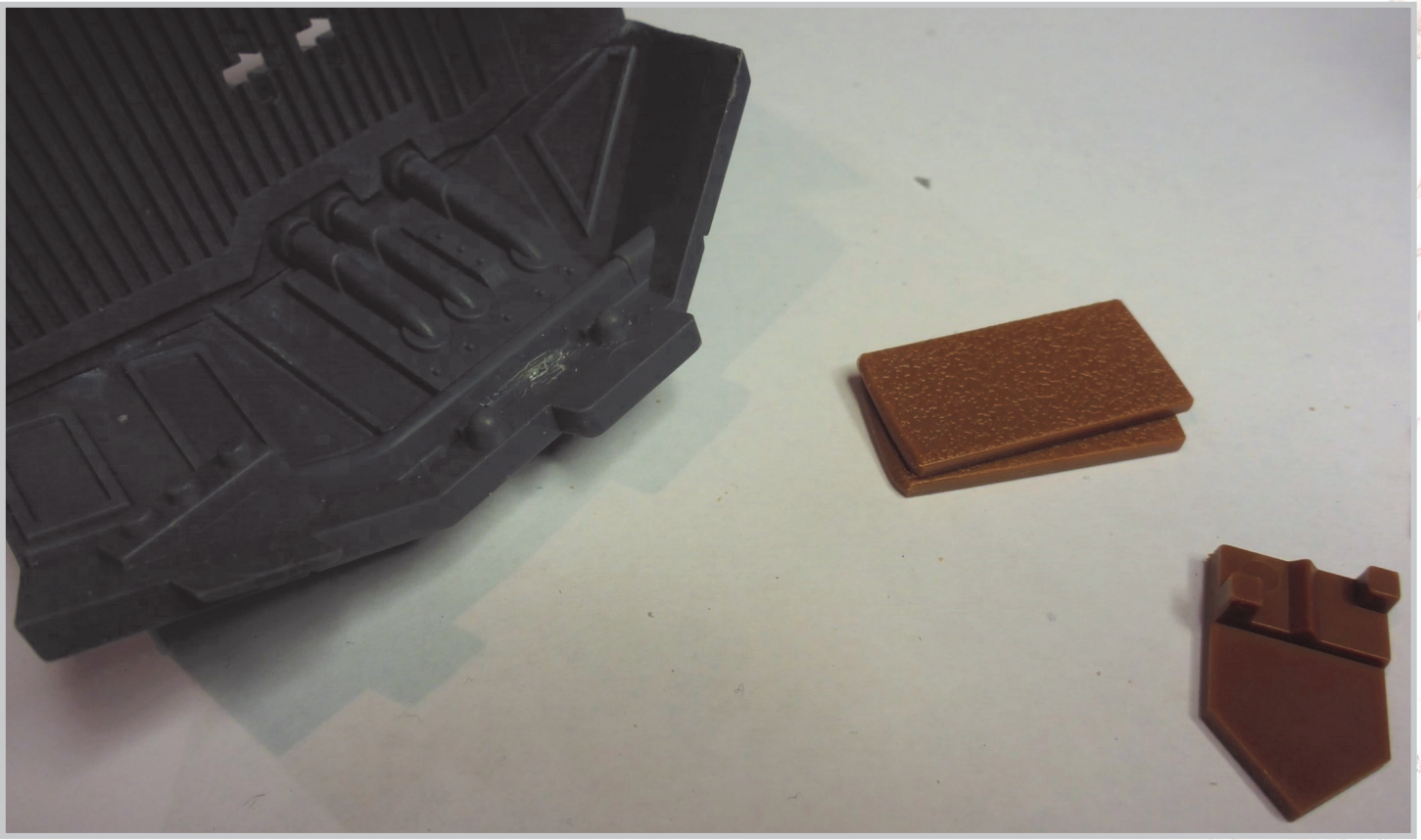
Next I needed to add magnets to hold the transport bay door in place. For this I stacked 3 1mmx6mm magnets here:

Note that the magnets on the outside are just there to make sure the magnets on the inside are held in place with the correct orientation until the glue dries. Don't glue the magnets on the outside!

Next I added the mounts for the missile pods. Again, I held the pods onto the outside of the hull to help locate where to glue the magnets on the inside. To get the pods to mount flush on the hull, I trimmed off some of the rivet heads on the outside of the hull.





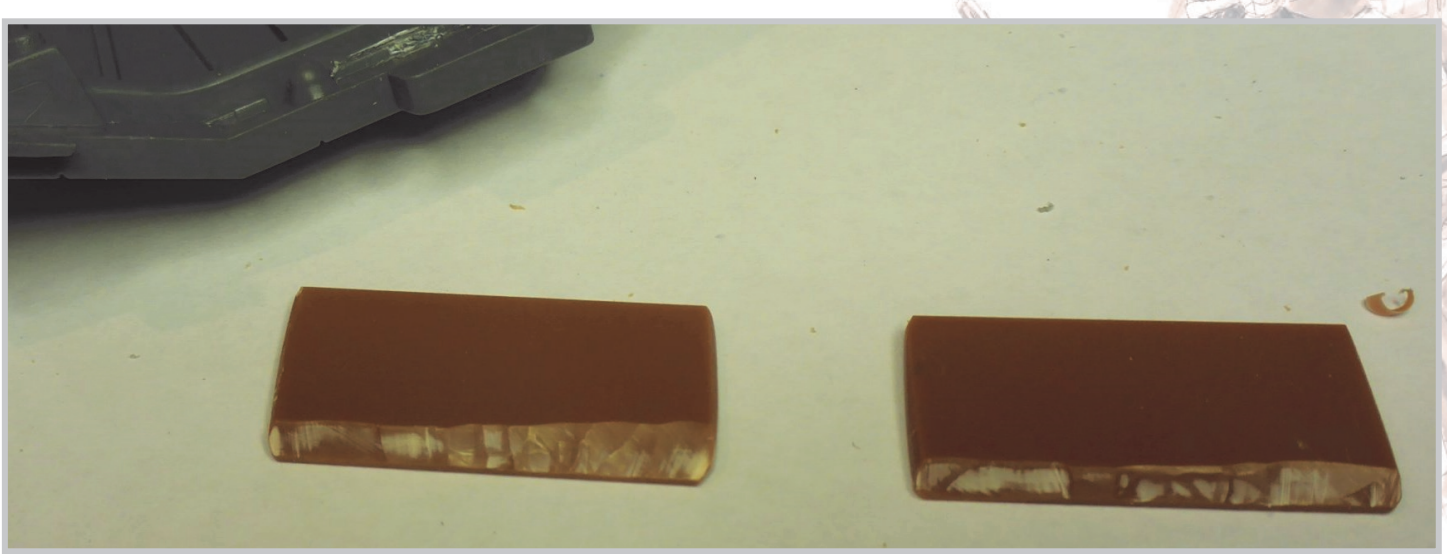


4) Transport Pod

This one required a little customization. I used 2 pieces of plastic to mount the magnets to. The long building connectors from the Mars Attacks scenery turned out to be perfect. I cut them to the right length and sanded down the edges. I had to trim off a small projection on the side pod pieces between the 2 nub-like projections as can be seen here (pictured above)

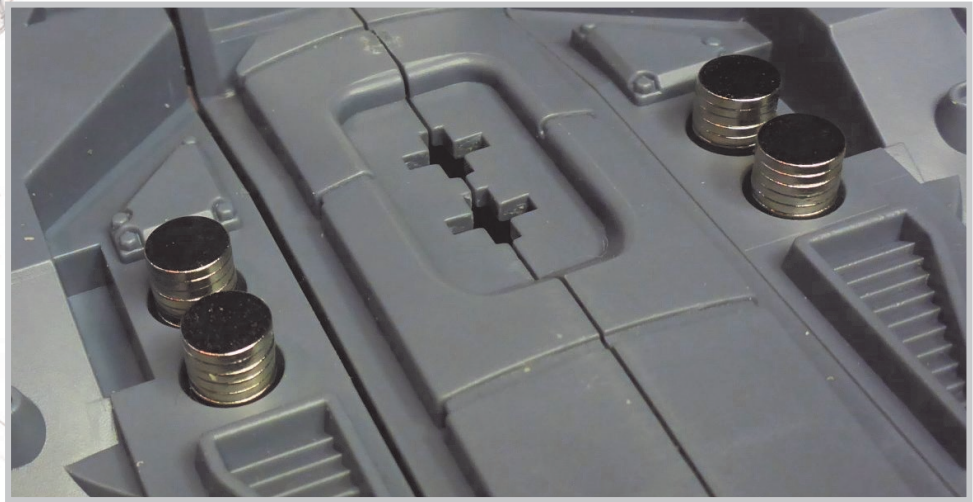
This makes me wonder why those 2 nubs are there? Was Mantic going to add produce another piece that attaches to the nubs to fit into the holes in the wings but changed their minds and forgot to get rid of the nubs? They do look a little odd.....

I then had to trim a little off the plastic pieces to fit into the slot (pictured below)



Now glue these into place (pictured above)

Now Assemble the transport pod on the plane with the door in place. Be careful not to get any glue between the transport pod and the plane! When dry remove the assembly from the plane and then the magnets need to be glued on. I used 1mmx6mm magnets. To find the correct location, I inserted a stack of magnets into the holes in the wings. I put in 1 more than was needed to fit the gap so that the transport pod was slightly raised when installed back onto the plane. I needed 10 magnets in each hole for this (pictured below)

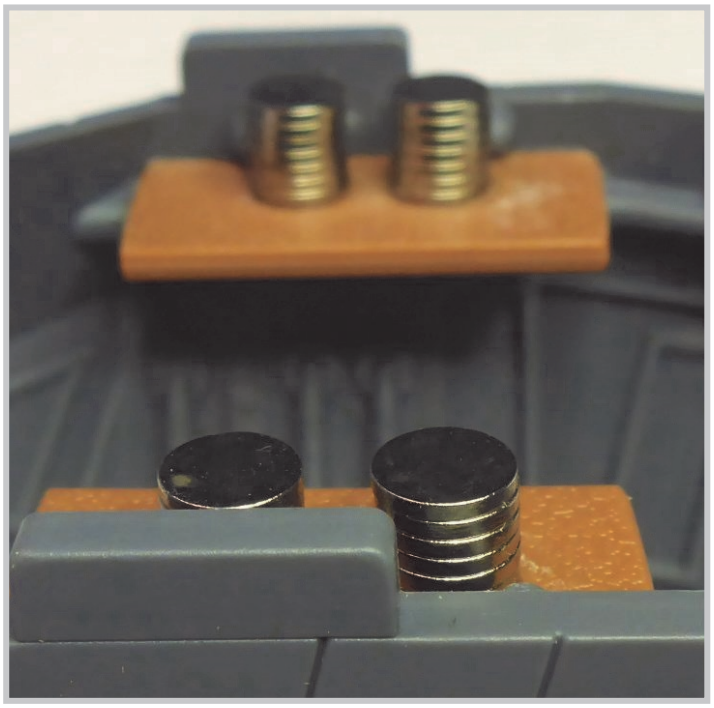


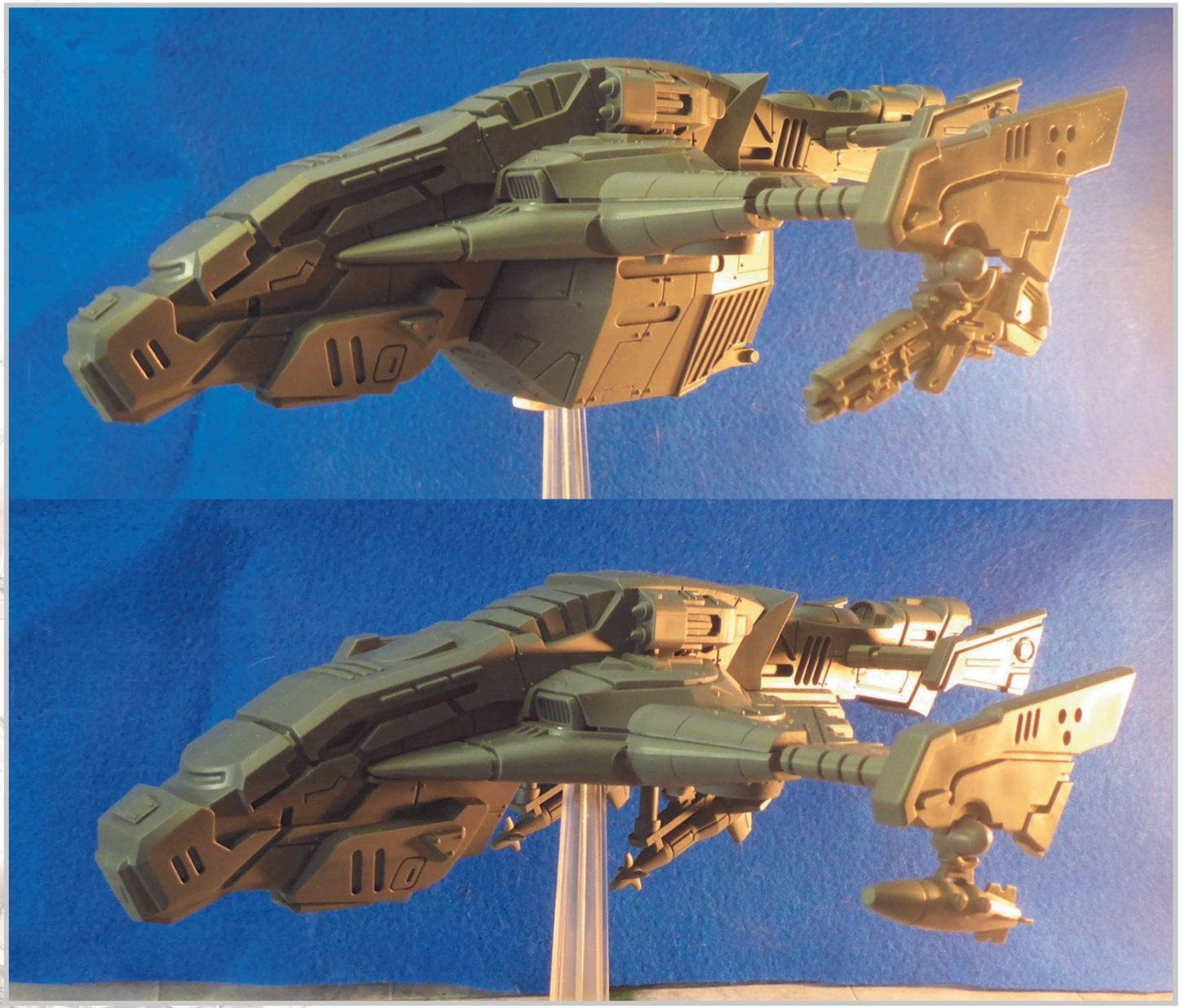
Now add some glue to the topmost magnet and put the transport back onto the plane. It will look like this (pictured right)

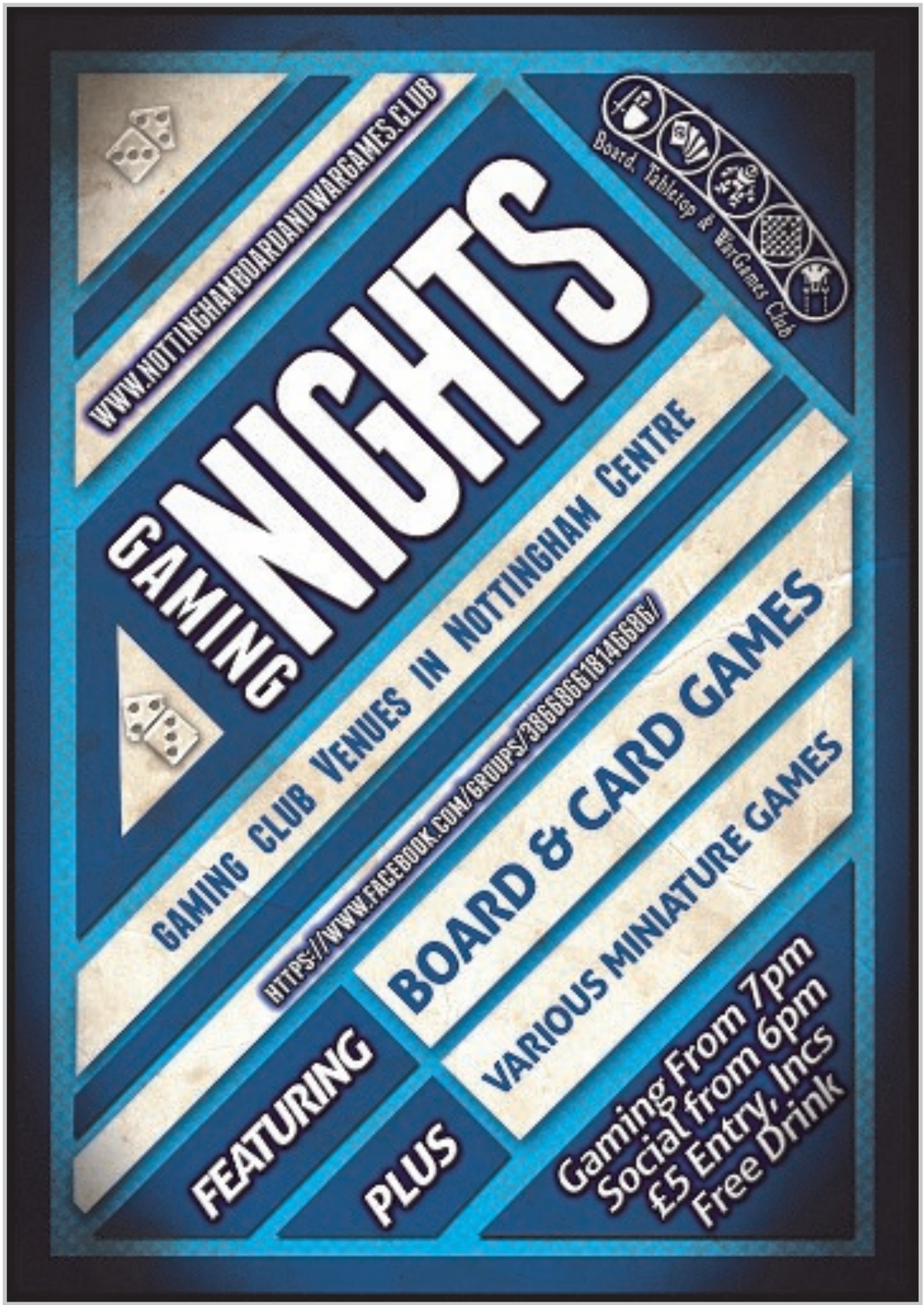
Let it dry thoroughly. Now the pod can be removed again and reduce the stack of magnets. I've found that 7 is a pretty decent number for a good hold (pictured below)

The last thing to do is add magnets to the pod bay door. For this I used two 1mmx3mm magnets corresponding to the locations of the magnets into the hull (pictured bottom).

The plane is done! Assemble it and play!▪



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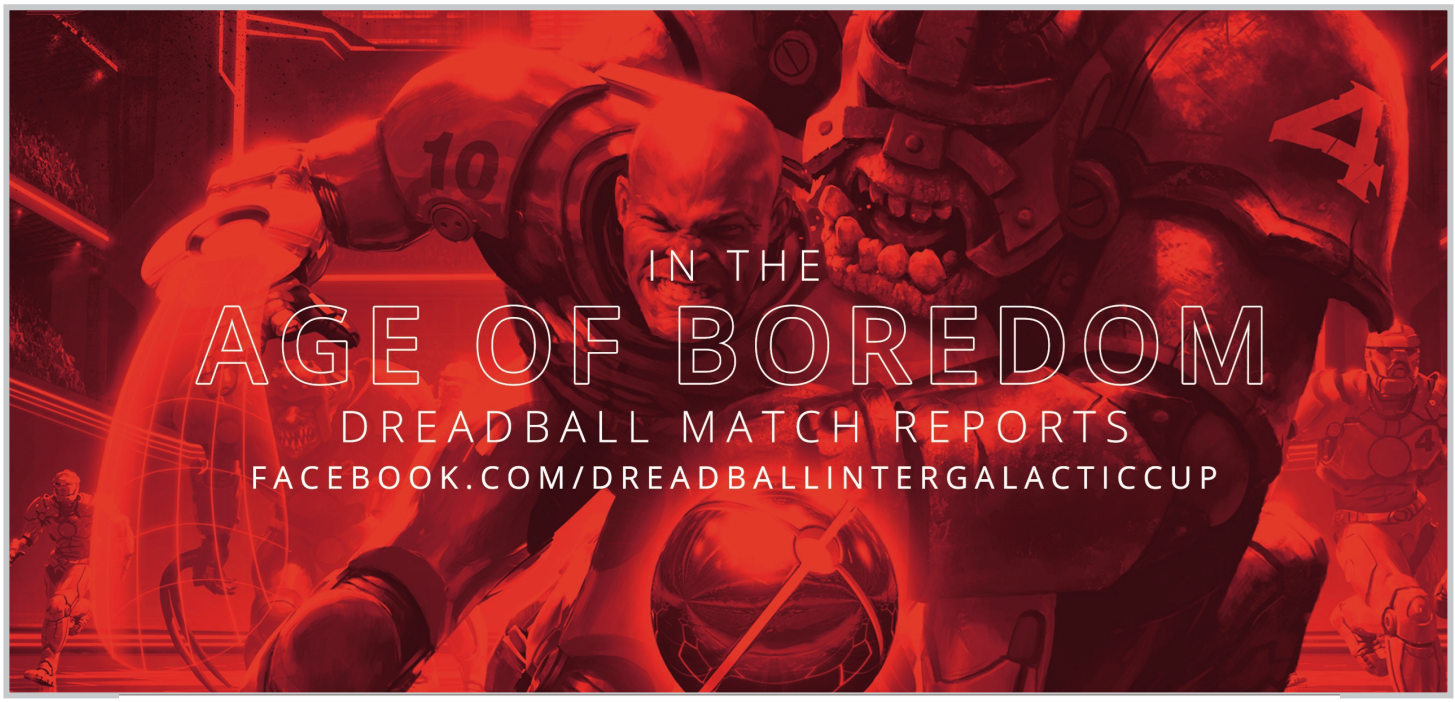

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